

Money has the head that runs a trust.

Somebody with a memory has wittily dubbed the new bottled spelling "Josphillingsgate."

What a man would call "enthusiasm" as applied to himself he dubs "gush" in others.

It's an easy matter to size up a man if his dog crawls under the house every time he sees him approaching.

In the case of that Philadelphia bank, too, the bank examiner found a rotten state of affairs—after it was all over.

The importance of the saying that "murder will out" is largely compromised by the probability that the murderer will get out.

A boy of 17 was married the other day to a girl of 16, with the consent of her guardian. The guardian ought to have a guardian.

In the latest French duel one of the antagonists missed and the other wouldn't shoot. They can do that well on almost any vaudeville stage.

A New York millionaire recently asked his typewriter to marry him and was refused. Perhaps she thought it would be easier to run his office than to try to keep a cook.

Philadelphia has a social organization which is trying to make it appear that a woman is a girl until she is 40. Julia Ward Howe is probably ready to admit that a woman of 40 is a mere child.

Canada is a good neighbor and a good customer. Sixty-one per cent of all the purchases which Canada made last year from other countries were from this nation, and they amounted to nearly two hundred million dollars.

A Philadelphia mancuirist is to become the wife of a millionaire brewer. She says their romance began when they first held hands. It isn't always necessary, however, for a lady to be a mancuirist in order to start a romance by holding hands.

A Georgia judge has decided that it is every man's duty to kiss his wife at least once a day, the best time being when he gets home at night. There are some mean men, though, who will prefer to do it the first thing in the morning, so as to have it over with.

John D. Rockefeller gave orders to bore for water under his big office building in Cleveland in the expectation of saving a few dollars on water rents. Instead of water he struck gas and oil. Is John D. a sort of modern Midas, that he cannot bore a hole in the ground anywhere without striking oil?

A youth who thought it was fun to alarm his companions swam round the boat in which they were fishing and sank under water several times, pretending that he was drowning. At last he went down with a shout for help, and no attention was paid to him. This time he did not reappear on the surface, and searchers were unable to find his body. This is the old story of the boy who cried "Wolf! Wolf!" so often that when a wolf finally did attack him, he was left to his fate.

While it is true that our public lands have been recklessly wasted and that the area and productiveness of our wheat lands have been greatly reduced, we do not think the situation at all alarming. The public lands granted to railroads and sold to grazers and ranchmen have not been split up away. They are all here, as fertile as nature made them, and before many years they will all be owned, occupied and cultivated by private owners. As for lands whose productivity has diminished through unscientific farming, they can easily be brought up again by proper fertilizing. The so-called "worn-out" lands for wheat purposes are not dead; they are only overworked and tired.

When does a girl become an old maid? This question, blunt and shorn of delicate innuendo, is now figuring in the discussion of Philadelphia society. One might say that a girl becomes an old maid when she fails to marry betimes, but that is not the point. What is the exact year that ushers in spinsterhood and closes forever the gates of youth? Of course this is not a matter in which man has any word to say. No rational wearer of trousers would tempt fate and the scorn of femininity by attempting a suggestion, for any arbitrary dead line would necessarily bring down upon the luckless masculine head a storm of reprobation. It has been left to the women themselves to brave the peril. And they have placed the age at 40 years. Under this ruling a woman is a tender bud until two score years have counted their gloomy litany of days and the hair near the scalp begins to whiten.

It is not often that one man cares so much for another as to desire to end his own life when his friend is taken away. The account of such a case, which was printed a few days ago, only emphasizes the rarity of such attachments. For the love of women there has been no limit to which men have not gone. Murder and suicide, home-breaking and life-wrecking, and every single act in the long catalogue of crime have attended the relationships which man's love for woman has produced. But in actual experience men seldom love one another devotedly. There are stories which have come down from remote ages telling of the devotion of Jonathan to David or of the sweet and lasting friendship of Damon for Pythias, but, even when used as examples worthy of emulation,

these tales have had little influence in bringing men of to-day into relationships of special or unusual personal closeness. The days of chivalry were often marked by the devotion of one to the interest of another, a devotion in which intense admiration and willingness to serve came pretty close to worship, but as the romance of such an era faded away in the advent of the stern and practical life of a commercial age, and the notions of personal independence came into violent conflict with the idea of service under a feudal lord, the finer sense of real admiration disappeared, lest such a feeling should be counted a sign of dependence and inferiority. In the same way, in American political life, it has been no uncommon thing to see men so devoted to the interests of a party leader as to be willing to make sacrifice of all sorts in order to have that leader win—time, money, strength, and enthusiasm being given without stint. Clay, or Blaine, or Jackson could count many such admirers, but such interest in a leader rarely approximates real love. Men trust their fellows in business. They have every confidence in them when matters of moment are to be considered in secret or when financial interests are involved. They enjoy their companionship in clubroom or lodge, or on outings for health or pleasure. They will use all honorable efforts for promoting the welfare of one another. They will risk life to save another from danger or death, but when it comes to the deeper feeling it is surprising how few the cases have been where one man has cared much for the affectionate regard of another. The exception is the more noteworthy because of the ordinary rule of life.

Every fresh collapse of a plantation company, every new scheme for fleecing ill-advised poor folks out of their little savings by rosy promises of wealth that they cannot possibly gain, every shakedown in Wall street, and, indeed, every collapse of a savings bank in which small depositors have placed their money gives new impetus to the demand that safe opportunities for safe investments be in some way provided those citizens who do not know how to safeguard themselves. The movement for the postal savings bank is one result of this demand. The movement for public utility in corporation affairs is another. The movements for municipal and government ownership of public utilities also gather a certain amount of strength from this quarter.

In general the need for safe investment of small savings seems bound to play a prominent place among the factors which will determine our future industrial tendencies. In England the government has undertaken to make investment in certain safe securities easy to all citizens, and, strangely enough, the extent of the facilities it offers are very little known outside the ranks of those who utilize them. It is through the postoffice that these investments are made; the formalities are no greater than in the purchase of an ordinary money order, and the government charges for its service as a broker an exceedingly moderate fee. Four stocks may be bought in this way—namely, consols, 2 1/2 per cent annuities, 2 1/2 per cent annuities and local loans. Not more than \$1,000 may be invested in this way in a single year, nor more than \$2,500 altogether by any one person. But from these limits at the top to a 25-cent limit at the bottom the investor has free scope. If only a shilling or two is to be invested the depositor receives a document called an "investment certificate." When he has invested £100 he can get a certificate with bearer with coupons attached. So long as he has less invested than the lowest denomination of the securities issued he is dependent on a transfer of his account on the books of the postoffice for purchase and sale. As he gets more money invested he can take his securities himself in the ordinary way. By this device, however small a sum the investor may have, he can place it in the safe investments mentioned at current prices and sell out whenever he wishes at prices current at the time of sale. The government no doubt established this system mainly to widen the market for its own securities, but the advantages are manifest, and the system may well be capable of future elaboration.

Feats of Memory.
The memory is a faculty which through patient practice may be cultivated and trained to a wonderful degree. Morphy, the celebrated chess player, could play several games of chess simultaneously without seeing any of the boards on which the various games were being conducted. It was a peculiarly impressive sight to see him standing in the middle of the floor, with his arms folded, defending himself and attacking the various opponents, with the position of the chess men on the several boards always in his mind's eye.

The noted Jesuit Suarez was said to have known all the works of St. Augustine by heart. These consist of eleven large volumes. Pascal is said never to have forgotten anything he read, and the same is told of Grocius, Leibnitz and Euler. Themistocles knew the name of every one of the twenty thousand citizens of Athens.

Old Graveyard Inscriptions.
At Worcester, England, the slab erected over a departed ancestor is inscribed with a single word, "Game." In Sussex the initials and date of the death of the deceased are followed by two words, "He was." The most remarkable inscription is at Cane Hill Cemetery, Belfast, where the inscription says, "Left till called for."

Balls of All Seasons.
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O ball. In the autumn we have football, in the winter the social ball, in the spring baseball, and in the summer the moth ball.—Four-Track News.

Municipal Bake-Off.
Of every \$100 that a New Yorker pays in rent, it is estimated that \$12.25 goes into the pockets of municipal "servants."

Every mother pats herself on the back when her daughter marries the man she selected.

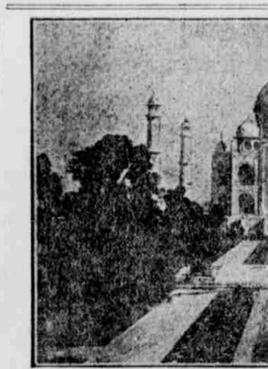
A DREAM IN MARBLE.

MOST EXQUISITE BUILDING EVER ERECTED BY MAN.

Mausoleum of Taj Mahal in India—Monument of a Husband's Love for His Wife—In It Art Reached Its Perfection.

The most exquisite building ever erected by the hands of man is the Taj Mahal, which was constructed by the great Mogul Emperor, Shah Jahan, at Agra, India. It marks a great man's love for a woman—Arjamaand Banu Begum, his wife. Shah Jahan was a Mohammedan despot who led a magnificent life, and had other wives; but in his eyes the peer of her sex was Arjamaand. When she died he declared he would rear to her memory a mausoleum so perfect that it would make men marvel for all time. And this he accomplished. More poetry and prose have been written about the Taj, with more allusions to it as a symbol of love, than of any other creation marking human affection—and the secret probably lies in the fact that all the world loves a lover, says a writer in the Booklovers Magazine.

Shah Jahan ruled from 1628 to 1658 and had been on the throne only two years when death took from him his adored Arjamaand. Then came the resolve to erect to her memory a monument that might measure his love and grief. All the best architects, artists and skilled workmen of India, Persia and Arabia were summoned to Shah Jahan's court and the resources of his empire placed at their disposal. The Taj, consequently, was not the creation of a single master mind, but the consummation of a great art epoch. Its



THE "DREAM IN MARBLE": THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA, INDIA.

construction was commenced four years after Arjamaand's demise. In keeping with an old Tartar custom, a garden was chosen as the site of the tomb—a garden planted with flowers and fragrant shrubs, emblems of life, and solemn cypresses, emblems of death and eternity. In Mogul days such a garden was maintained as a pleasure ground during the owner's lifetime, and used for his interment when dead.

The laborers came from many parts of the world—the chief masons from northern India and Baghdad, the dome builders from Asiatic Turkey, and the mosaic artists from Persia. Every section of India and Central Asia was drawn upon for materials. The marble, spotless in purity, was brought from Jaipore, 300 miles away, on the backs of elephants and camels or by bullock carts. The red sandstone was contributed by Fathpur Sikri, one of the Mogul capitals, the Jasper by the Punjab, the crystal and jade by China. The turquoise came from Tibet and the Red Sea, the sapphires and lapis lazuli from Arabia, onyx and amethysts from Persia, and the diamonds from Bandedkum.

It engaged the unceasing labor of 20,000 men for seventeen years to complete the Taj; and like that other great tomb, the Cheops Pyramid in Egypt, it was reared chiefly by forced labor, unpaid and uncared for, and thereby produced great suffering and mortality. This is the chief blemish on the fair fame of the mausoleum overlooking the Jumna.

The Taj garden is perhaps a half mile square, and is surrounded by a strikingly beautiful wall of masonry. It is an orderly wilderness of rich vegetation, to be found only in Asia, and the deep greens and rich browns of the avenues of foliage unquestionably accentuate the whiteness of the Temple of Death. As the garden helps the tomb, so the tomb gives expression to the garden.

The great gateway of red sandstone, whose roof is adorned by Moorish arches and pavilions, is in itself one of India's most perfect buildings. From its summit a perfect view of the Taj is had, with the Jumna flowing sluggishly beneath its marble platform; and from there the grounds are spread before the visitor in a perfect panorama. The paved avenues, all leading to the magnificent pile, miles of marble aqueducts filled with ornamental fish, playing fountains—all breathe the superlative of art, every fluttering leaf whispering of the east.

Not by its size is Arjamaand's tomb commending, for its dimensions are very moderate. Imagine a plinth of flawless marble, 313 feet square and rising 18 feet from the ground—that is the foundation of the wondrous structure. The Taj is 180 feet square, with dome rising to an extreme height of 220 feet. At each corner of the plinth stands a tapering minaret reaching its crown 137 feet.

lengths for houses, dams, or food, as may be required. The house of the beaver is built on the bank of the river, with its entrance under water. Once having built the entrance the rest of the house is started, the whole colony working at the house until it is finished, and when completed it is warm, dry and cozy. Although it is impossible for beavers to live for long under water, the entrance is built for some distance under the water, and then there is a long tunnel connecting the house with the water.

A beaver family usually consists of four or five, and comes into the world with its eyes wide open. The young ones live with their parents for two years and then they are made to shift for themselves. The full-grown beaver measures about two feet in length, with a tail some ten inches long, which he can use as a spade or a trowel as well as a paddle. The average age is 15 years, although some have been known to be as old as 20, but such cases are said to be rare. When the animal is 9 years of age its pelt is at its prime, and will fetch from \$10 to \$12 in Minneapolis.

STATE OWNED RAILROADS.

Some of the Lines That Have No Bonded Indebtedness. A few railroads have no bonded indebtedness, says Bronson E. Keeler in Moody's Magazine. The Cincinnati Southern, extending from Cincinnati to Chattanooga, built and owned by the city of Cincinnati, is one. The Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific, which leases the Cincinnati Southern, is another. The Green Bay & Western is a third. It has some income bonds, which are really a preferred stock, as the interest is payable only if earned. The company has no fixed charges except taxes. The Chicago Great Western is a fourth road which has none. The Great Rock Island system has none. Its constituent companies have funded debts, but the Rock Island Company itself has none. The Western & Atlantic, extending from Chattanooga to Atlanta, has none.

BEAVER FARM NO IDLERS' HOME.

Furry Colonists Drive Off Those Who Will Not Work. On the farm of the Rev. W. E. Christmas, a few miles from this town, exists one of the few beaver farms of Canada, says a New York Post writer at Oxbow, Sask. Within the limits of the farm are five large dams, peopled by some 200 beavers. The banks of

the Souris river, which runs through the farm, are fringed with poplar trees, supplying the beaver with the best of building material and also with his daily bread. According to a law passed in 1896, it is illegal to kill beavers until the fall of 1908, consequently this colony is waxing strong and multiplying very rapidly. Having been protected from the trappers for the past ten years, they are becoming very tame and do not seem to mind a casual on-looker, although they do most of their work by moonlight. One night these beavers cut down fifty-two trees, according to the Rev. Mr. Christmas, who takes a great deal of interest in his little tenants and watches carefully to see no harm comes to them.

These beavers are very industrious, and have no use for one of their number who refuses to do his share of the work. When such a member of the flock is noticed the others drive him away to live in solitude, and when such a beaver is found by a trapper they are known as "lonelers." It takes the beavers but a short time to fell a large-sized tree, and they are able to throw it in any direction desired. When once felled the tree is quickly cut up into

small sections, which are used for building material. The beaver is a very intelligent animal, and is able to work in any direction desired. When once felled the tree is quickly cut up into

DANCE BY THE WAKIKUYU IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.



The Wakikuyu are known as the Kikuyu and Akikuyu, and they inhabit the Kikuyu hills, one of the most beautiful, fertile and economically important parts of the British East Africa Protectorate not far from Nairobi. Sir Charles Elliot says that they are intelligent and fairly industrious, and live a semi-settled agricultural life; that is to say, they burn a clearing in the forest, build a village and cultivate for a few years. As soon as the soil shows any sign of exhaustion they move on, burn another clearing, and repeat the same process. Sir Charles says that the Kikuyu are almost a comparative recent hybrid between the Masai and a Bantu stock, and there is no reason why such hybrids should not continue to be formed in the future, to the great advantage of the country. It is estimated that the natives of the Kikuyu country number some 300,000. Kikuyu is said to be derived from Kuyu, which means a fig tree of various kinds being abundant in the country.

DEATH LURKS IN ADULTERATIONS.



—Philadelphia Item.

IN THE HEMP REGION OF LUZON.

Easy Life of the Filipino Who Owns a Small Plantation. It is a fascinating region, this great hemp district of Southern Luzon, writes a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle at Nueva Carceres, Luzon. Everywhere one goes in the mountains he is apt to stumble on some little unsuspected sequestered hemp plantation hidden away like a moonshiner's distillery in the Cumberland mountains. In the mountains, in the lower and more populous country, almost everywhere, in fact, you see the hemp fiber strung out in the sun on bamboo strips like a washing put out to dry. Some of it is twelve feet long. Wonderful fibers they are, like spun silver, even more delicate than the hair of one's head, and with a silvery whiteness when drying that suggests nothing more than the inside of a white sea shell.

For miles and miles one sees the hemp strung out to dry. It dries in a couple of days, and then perhaps there is more hemp strung out, or possibly not. For who would work longer when you, providing you have been born in the hemp districts, can take what little hemp you have down on your pony and sell it in the market in the city? Then come rare delights. For there is your sweetheart or somebody else's sweetheart, and you buy her sweetmeats at the market place—where everybody jabs hers—for a penny each. Then perhaps you go to a wedding or a ball (dance) and dance all night in your giddy new American shoes, patent leathers they are, and amazingly uncomfortable because you are not used to them. And then again at night you may go a-serenading and tinkle with your mandolin, first standing on one foot and then on the other because these magnificent patent leathers are very uncomfortable. And then when the money is all spent you go back to the plantation and strip more hemp and put the glossy fibers out in the sun to dry. While the hemp is drying you dream dreams in the shade. You plan the purchase of a black derby hat, a red necktie and a white shirt, and you will buy your sister some school books and clothes, for she is in the provincial high school at Nueva Carceres learning to be a teacher. Perhaps you will have to strip more hemp than ever, for now that she knows English and is a friend of the English lady maestra (teacher), she must dress better.

Her Position. "Do you think your latest matrimonial venture will be for the better or the worse?" "I can't say," answered the sensational actress with a look of resignation. "Everything is now in the hands of my press agent."—Washington Star.

SCIENTIFIC KITE-FLYING.

German Government Making a Study of Wind Currents. The great advantages resulting from scientific and systematic investigation of the conditions prevailing in the upper strata of the earth's atmosphere were recognized some years ago by the German government, and great progress has been made in this direction in Germany lately, says the Paris edition of the New York Herald. I learn that the State meteorological establishment at Lindenberg, a description of which has already appeared, has yielded such satisfactory results that the authorities have made the necessary arrangements for the erection of a second institute following the same aims.

Recognizing the fact, however, that kites furnished with self-registering apparatus are vastly superior to free balloons for such purposes, the new institute will be of a perfectly different kind from the one at Lindenberg. Kites can be sent up to altitudes of 10,000 meters, and, unlike balloons, can always be used at any given height and for any length of time, but difficulties are occasionally encountered when the wind is unfavorable or when there is no wind at all.

In order to overcome such drawbacks all the kites sent up from the new institute will be flown from a small vessel possessing great speed and a small turning radius, such as a motor boat, as by this means unfavorable wind conditions can be best met. After agreement with the two States bordering on the Lake of Constance, the Ger-

man government has decided that the new station be erected at Friedrichshafen, near Manzell. A motor boat has already been ordered at a cost of 40,000 marks, and the plans completed for the station, laboratories, workshops and other buildings, which are to be fitted up with the most modern apparatus and repairing plant.

The staff of the Friedrichshafen station will consist of a scientific director with one assistant, a machinist, a mechanic and a clerk. The total cost of the station when erected will not exceed 60,000 marks and it is estimated that the annual expenses will amount to 23,000 marks.

The kite which has been officially adopted at the German institute is the so-called Hargrave, or box kite, consisting of a box-shaped frame, strengthened by fine steel wires. The linen-covered end can be either flat or curved, and automatic apparatus for registering the temperature and humidity of the atmosphere, as well as the various strengths of wind, are fixed inside both the ends.

EMILY'S BLUNTNESS.

"How would you have liked it if I had come home without any mustache to-night? Brainerd asked his wife at dinner one day. "The barber got after me, and was bound he'd give me a clean shave," Mrs. Brainerd uttered a sound of dismay. "Well, what if I had?" defensively. "Oh Cooley's had his shaved." "Ah, Al Cooley! But that's a different matter!" "Like to know why?" "Why, Robert, think of the difference in your mustaches! His has been cropped and cropped until it's nothing but a little bunch of stubby bristles, but yours is silky and graceful. It would be a shame to cut yours off!" "Pshaw!" said Brainerd, shrugging his shoulders complacently. "Oh, by the way, John Dougar came out with a smooth face to-day," he volunteered a few nights later. "He did? Well, John Dougar isn't you?" "What do you mean?" "Oh, he's so homely anyway that it doesn't matter what he does. He couldn't look any worse without a mustache than he does with it. But you're an unusually fine-looking man, Robert. I think it's wrong to meddle with anything that's perfect."

Brainerd laughed indulgently as he strolled off into the library. When he came back he had unearthed a lot of old photographs. "Here's the idea, Emily," he said. "Look at this picture of me at 18. That's the way I'd look with a smooth face, you see." "Yes, that's just it," answered Mrs. Brainerd, decidedly. "What?" He turned on her sharply. "Why, you'd look like somebody else. The baby wouldn't know you. I'm satisfied with you just as you are, dear." "What a girl!" Brainerd spoke with tender impatience.

But on Sunday morning he faced her, shaving mug in hand and determination in his eyes. "You'll have to come to it about this mustache, Emily," he announced. "Smooth face is the only thing. All the fellows are doing it." "Oh, Robert, please don't," she cried. "But why do you care so much?" "You're a handsome man, Robert—you know I think so. You're very handsome, but if there is one feature about your face that is one less handsome than another—it's your mouth!" Brainerd set down his shaving mug and stared blankly. "Well!" he said, at last. "You are certainly the bluntest spoken woman I ever saw, Emily. If you felt that you must tell me a disagreeable fact like that, couldn't you have gone about it with a little bit of tact?"—Youth's Companion.